DARK HORSE COMICS
#4 of 4
THE WITCHER®
WILD ANIMALS
BARTOSZ SZTYBOR
NATALIIA REREKINA
PATRICIO DELPECHE
HASSAN OTSMANE-ELHAOU
CD PROJEKT RED

THE WITCHER®

WILD ANIMALS

4 of 4

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*Special thanks to **CD Projekt Red**, including: **Michał Nowakowski**, SVP of Business Development*
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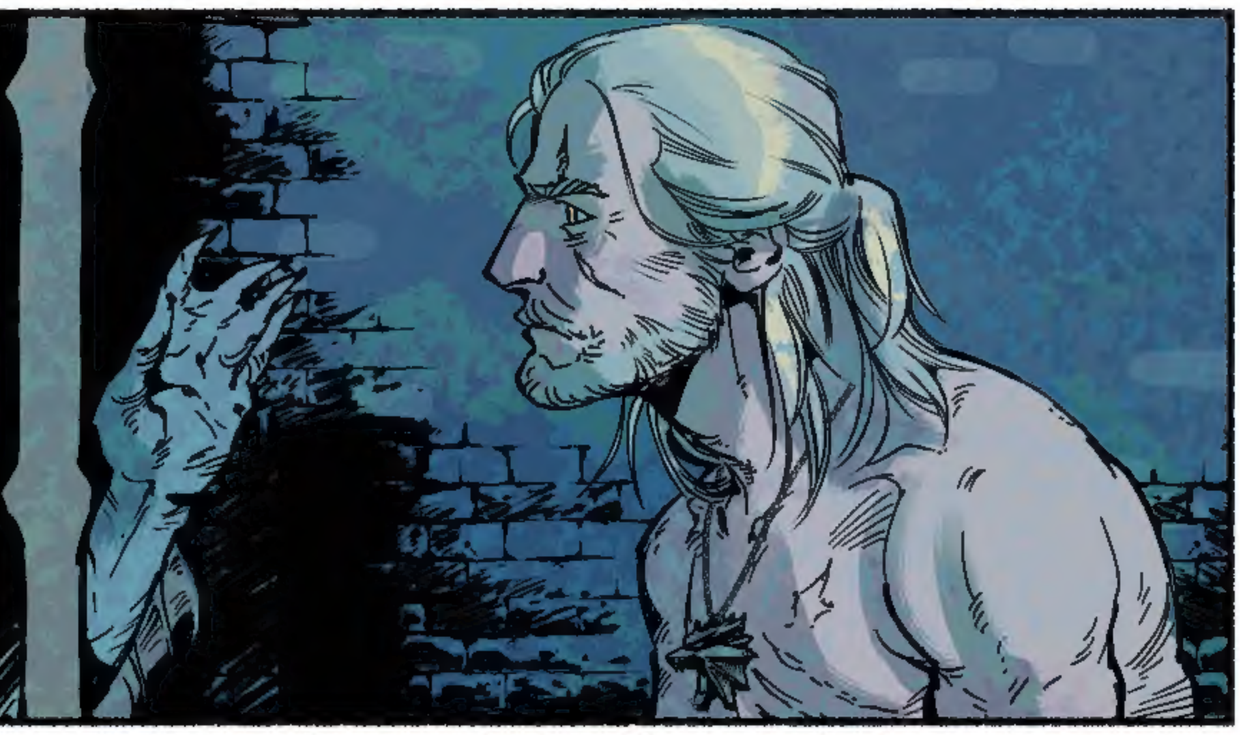
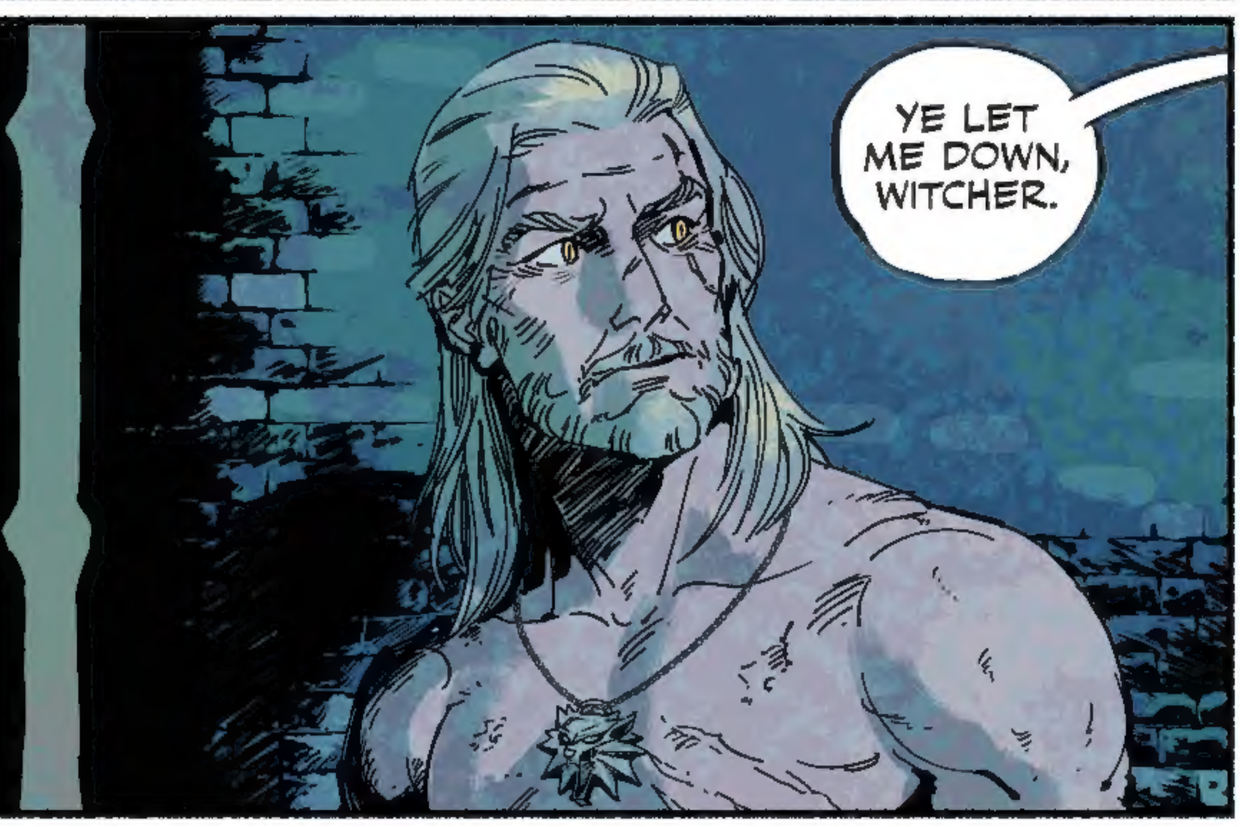
HRR
HRNN
SNFF
Ugh...
SNFF
SLSH
HRNNN
WHHNNN
SLRP
HRNNN
HRNNN
SLSH
WHMN

THE HELL'S THIS...?

SKREEE
HRNNN
SLRP
SCH
WUHWUH

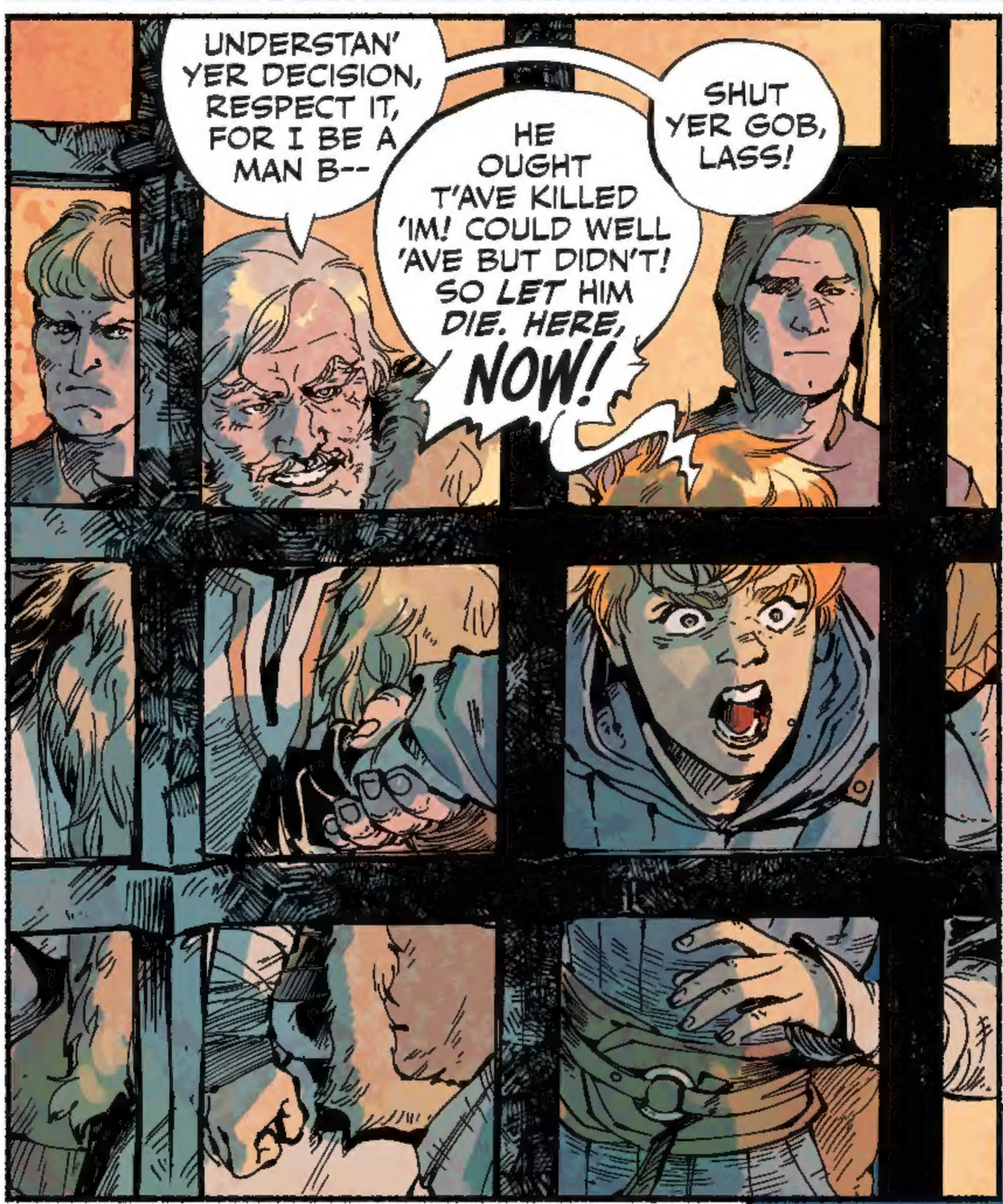



YE LET ME DOWN, WITCHER.

'SPLAINED ALL, BERIT DID.

GET 'ER HOME SAFE. WAS ALL I WAS OUT TO DO. GOT NO DESIRE NOR GROUNDS TO MEDDLE IN YOUR MESS.

'SIDES, YOU WANT *PEACE?* WELL, PULL HARD ON YOUR REINS, SLIDE YOUR MOUNT TO A STOP. 'CAUSE *MORE* BLOODLETTING SURE *WON'T* GET YOU THERE.



KLIK

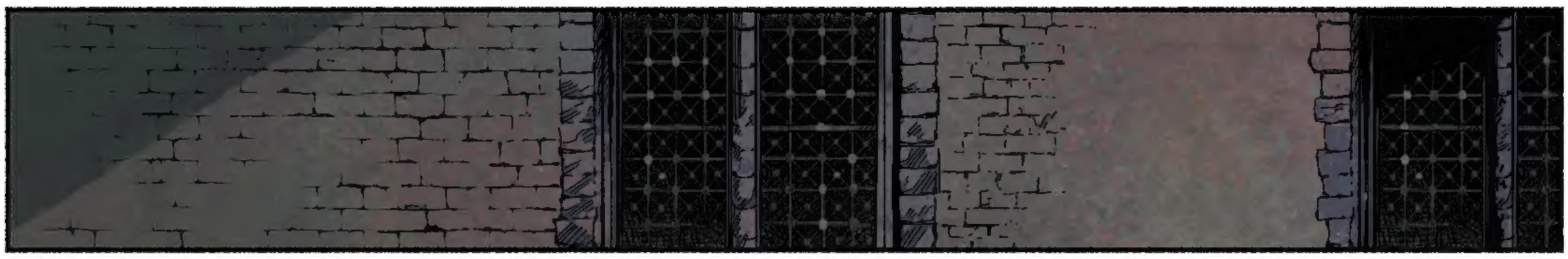
KAAAA?

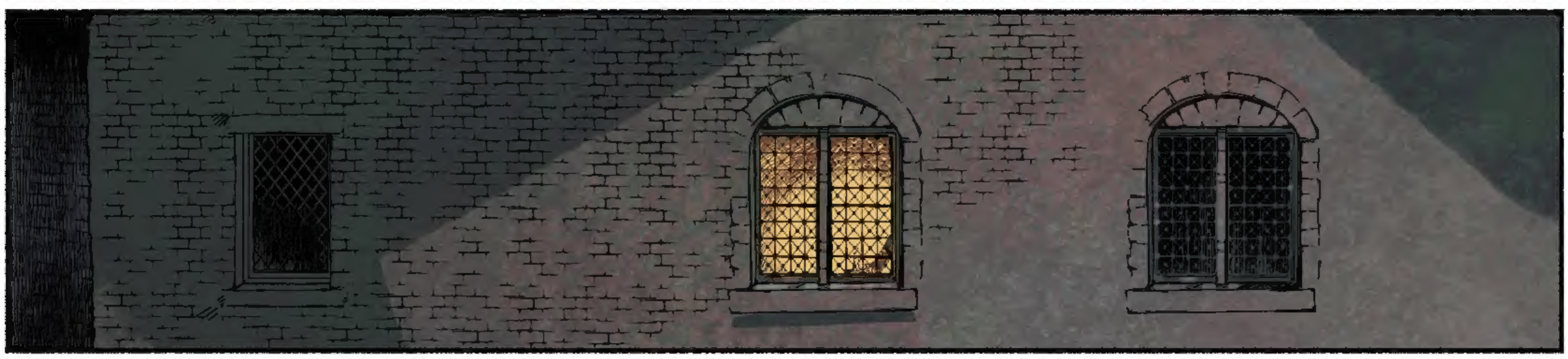
YOU! WHAT'RE YOU--?

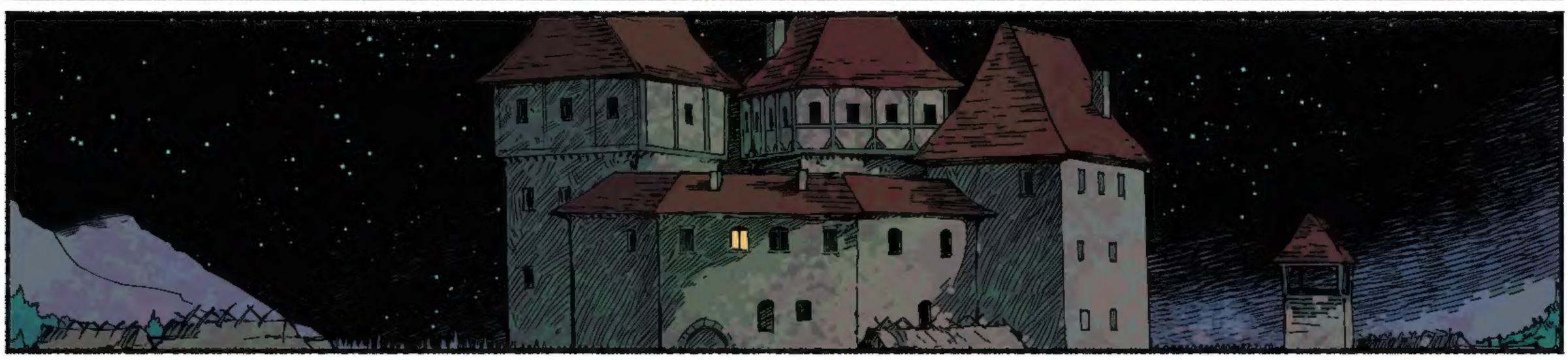
SLUGH
LEAVE 'EM BE!

SKREEEE
WHADDA YOU CARE, eh?

WEREN'T YER PLACE TO MEDDLE, YE SAID...
URGHLOO!







TEACHER, PLEASE... THE MURDERER... 'E'S NOT TO BE TRUSTED.
YE NEEDN'T FEAR A THING.

WHATEVER 'APPENS-- SOON TIME'LL WIPE IT AWAY.

URGHHH!
GRAAUURGH!
GRAUURGH!
KLIK
MISGUIDED, HE IS, MY 'USBAND. HE SEES NOT THE EVIL BEFORE 'IM.
ON YER FEET. COME WITH ME, NOW.
THE WIFE, IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN. WHY'RE YOU HELPIN' ME?
I WISH YE TO KILL MY SON.

IMAGINED YE'D BE DIFFERENT. MORE...
...MONSTROUS?
SORRY AS I BE TO DISAPPOINT, YE OUGHT TO KNOW I'D FAR PREFER TO BE A CREATURE SCALED OVER, OR ONE WITH FUR, FANGS, AN' CLAWS.
UNLIKE THE 'UMAN FACE, THESE GUISES HIDE *NOTHIN'*.

GRAAAUURUGH!

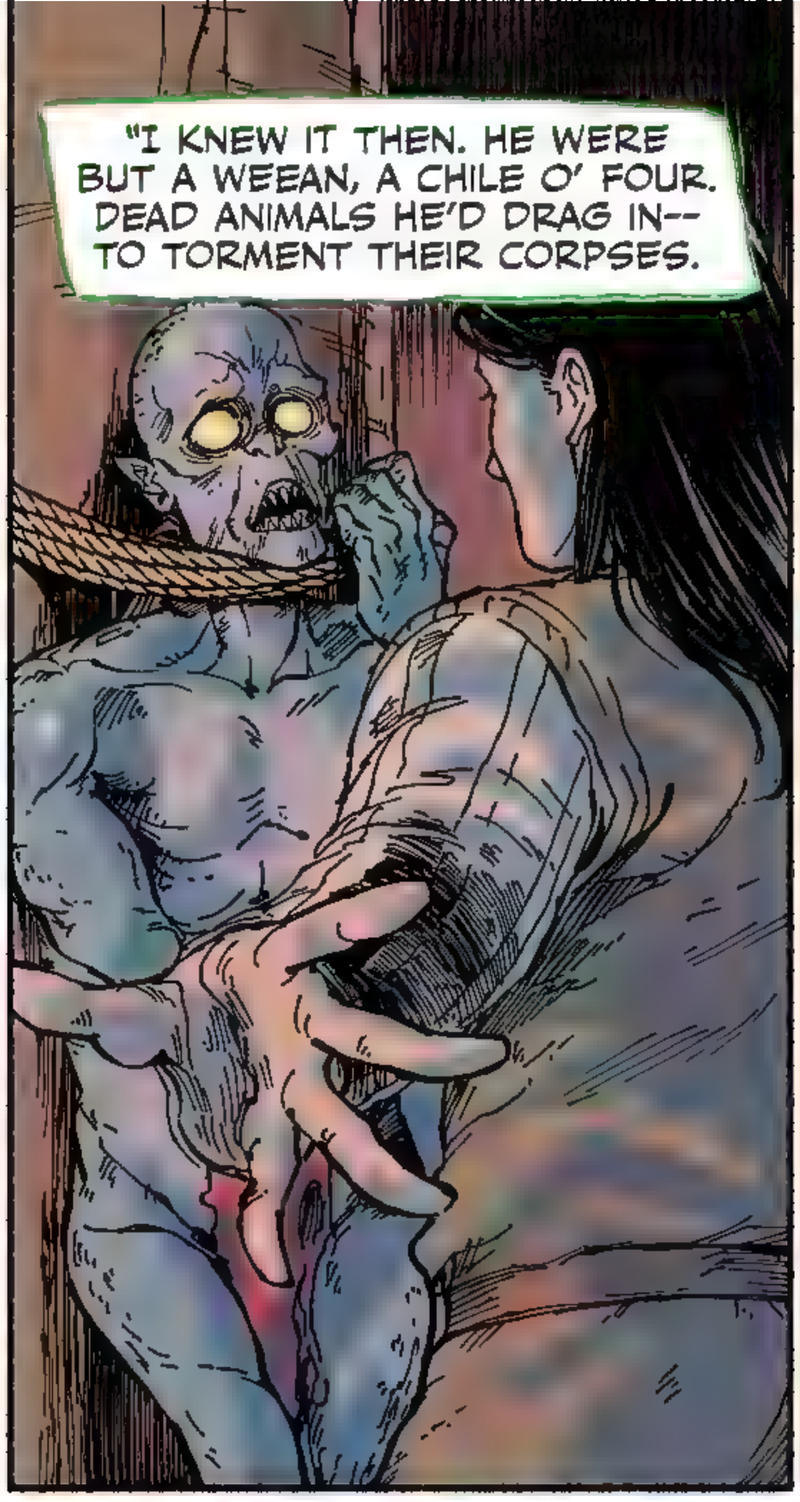
MY AXE!
Master...?
Urghlloo.

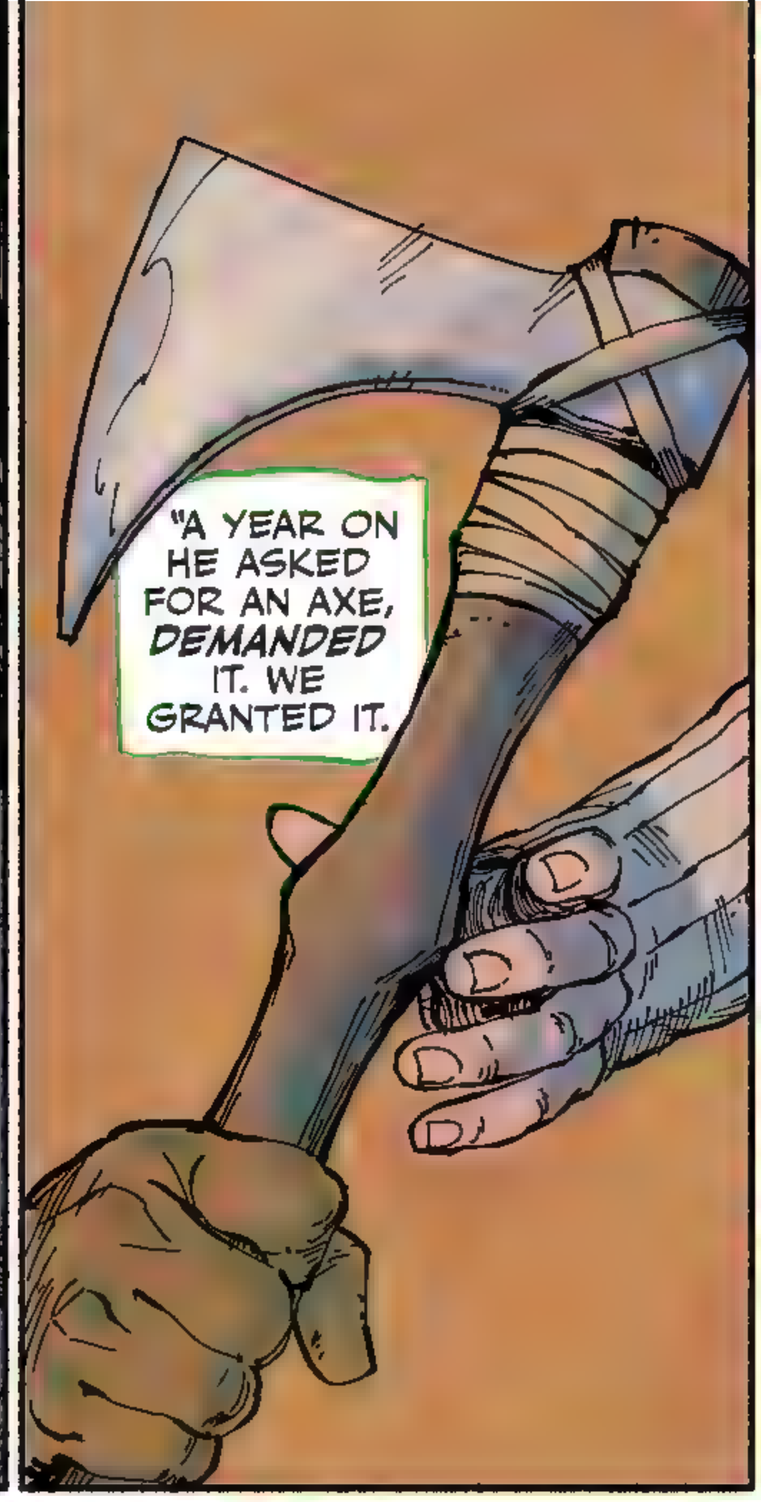
MY AXE, I SAYS! FETCH IT!

THE SHRIEKS, THE HATRED... I CAN'T LISTEN, CAN'T WATCH... I--
URGHLLOO!

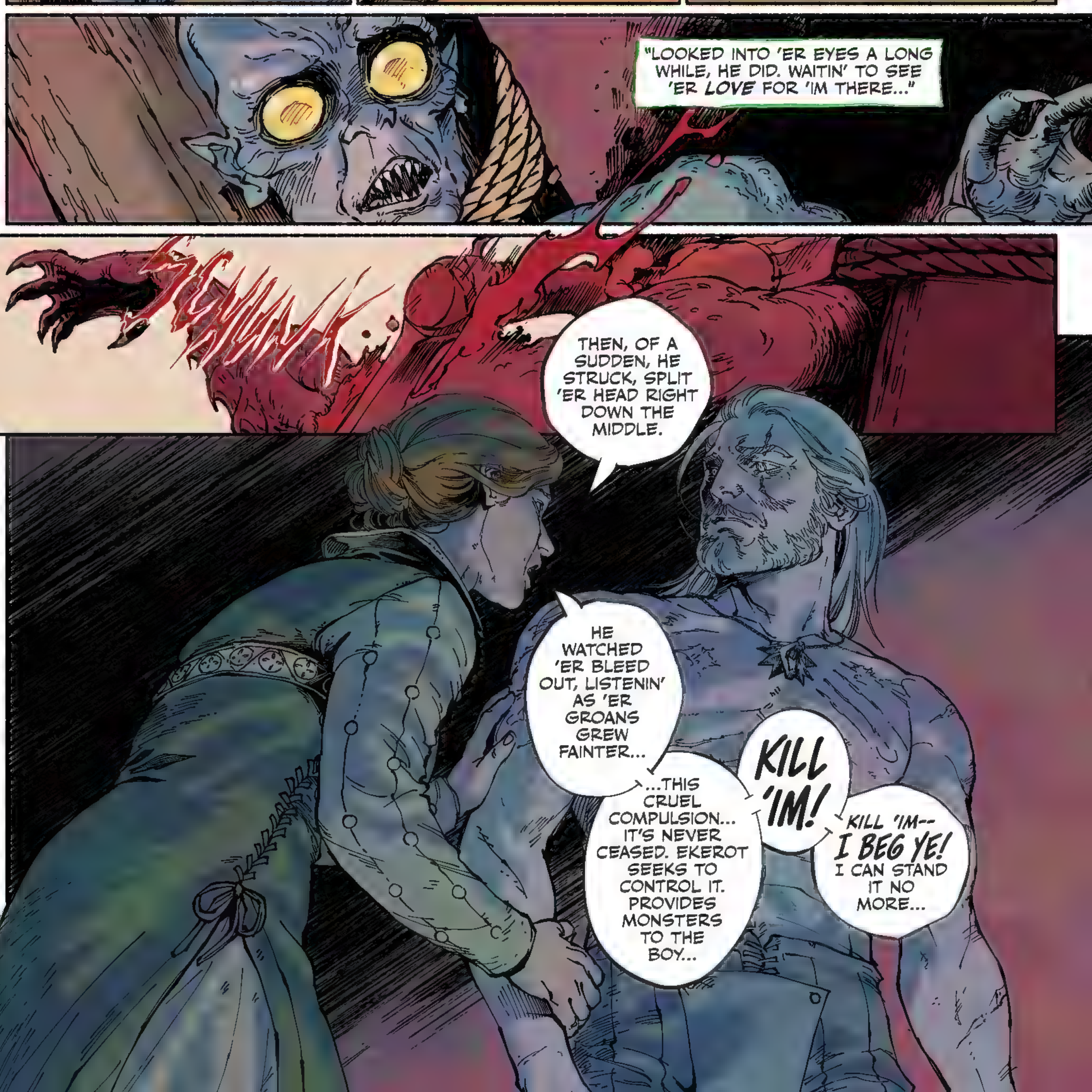
MURDERER!
I'LL KNACK YER BALLAX IN!

KRAAK
DIEEE! MURDERER!

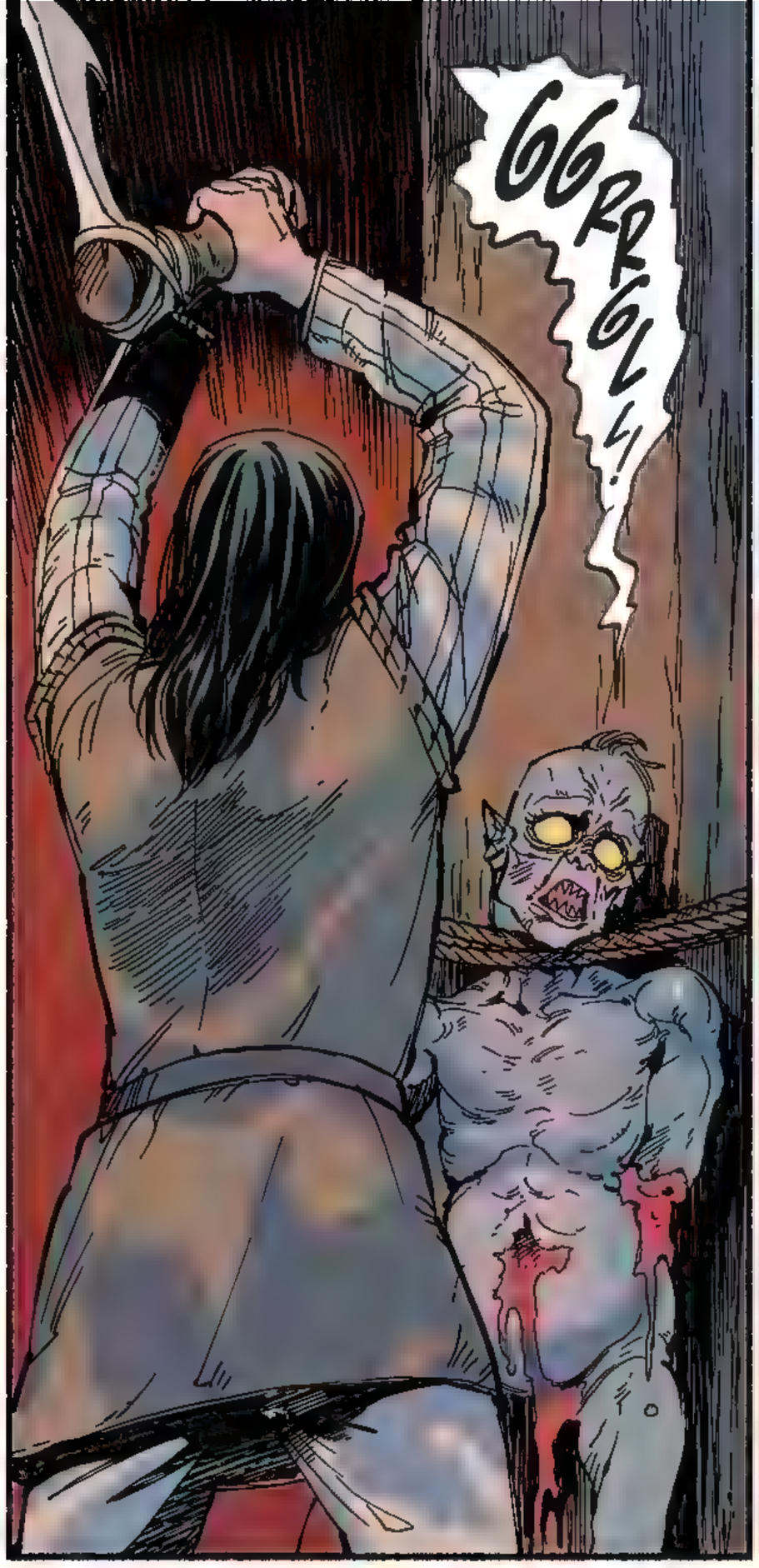

"I KNEW IT THEN. HE WERE BUT A WEEAN, A CHILE O' FOUR. DEAD ANIMALS HE'D DRAG IN-- TO TORMENT THEIR CORPSES.


"A YEAR ON HE ASKED FOR AN AXE, DEMANDED IT. WE GRANTED IT.

"'FORE THE WEEK 'AD PASSED, HE'D CRUELLY SLAIN A COW.

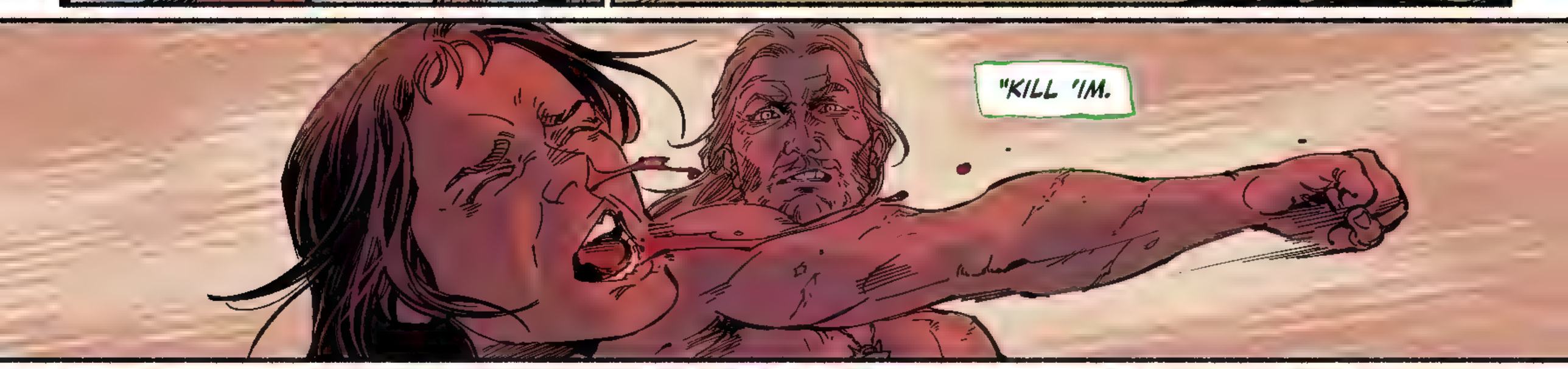

"LOOKED INTO 'ER EYES A LONG WHILE, HE DID. WAITIN' TO SEE 'ER LOVE FOR 'IM THERE..."
THEN, OF A SUDDEN, HE STRUCK, SPLIT 'ER HEAD RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE.
HE WATCHED 'ER BLEED OUT, LISTENIN' AS 'ER GROANS GREW FAINTER...
...THIS CRUEL COMPULSION... IT'S NEVER CEASED. EKEROT SEEKS TO CONTROL IT. PROVIDES MONSTERS TO THE BOY...
KILL 'IM!
KILL 'IM-- I BEG YE! I CAN STAND IT NO MORE...

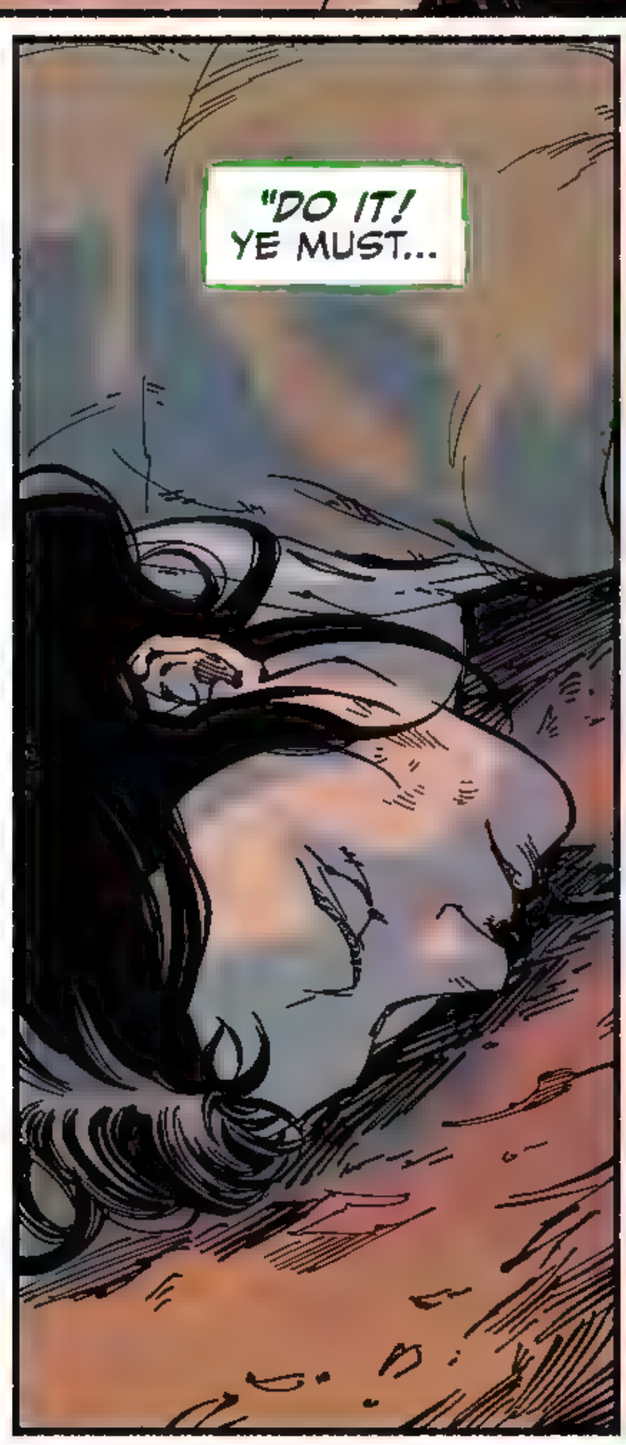
GUH!
AAAAGH!
SHUNK
ARGH!

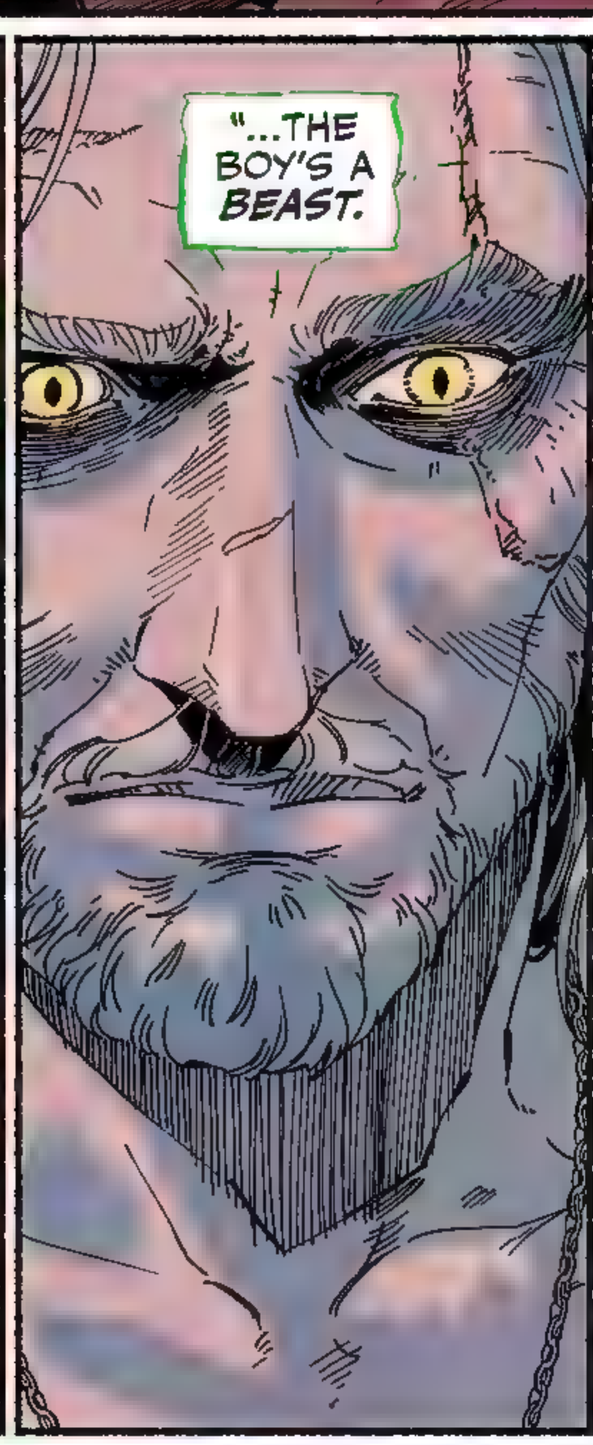

GGRRGL!!

THWUP

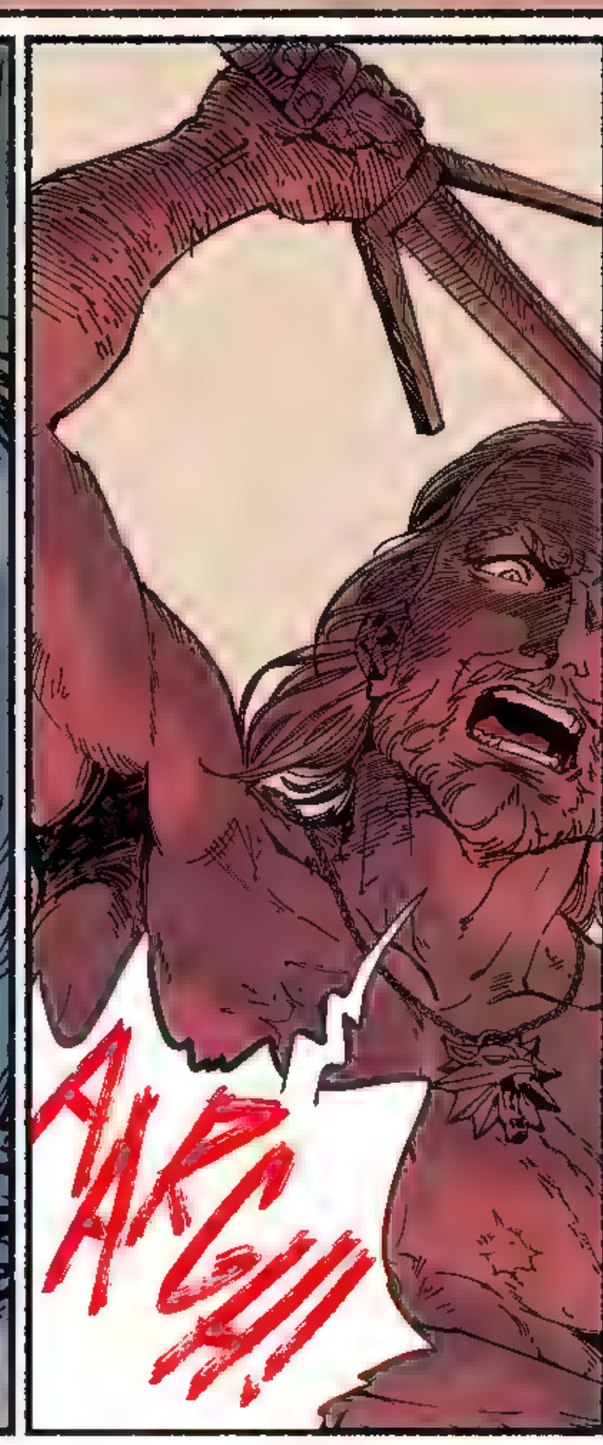
WITCHER?! WHAT'RE YE--?

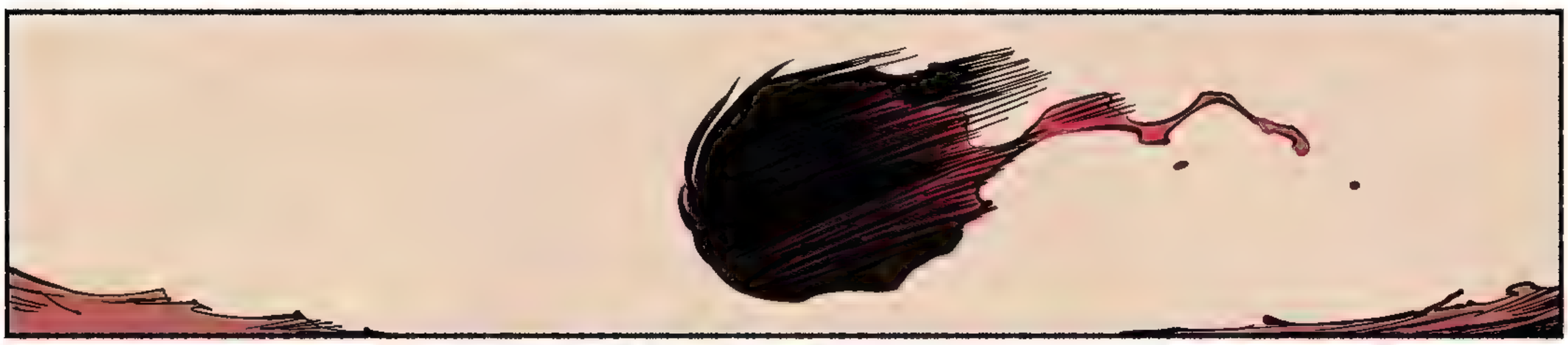

"KILL 'IM.

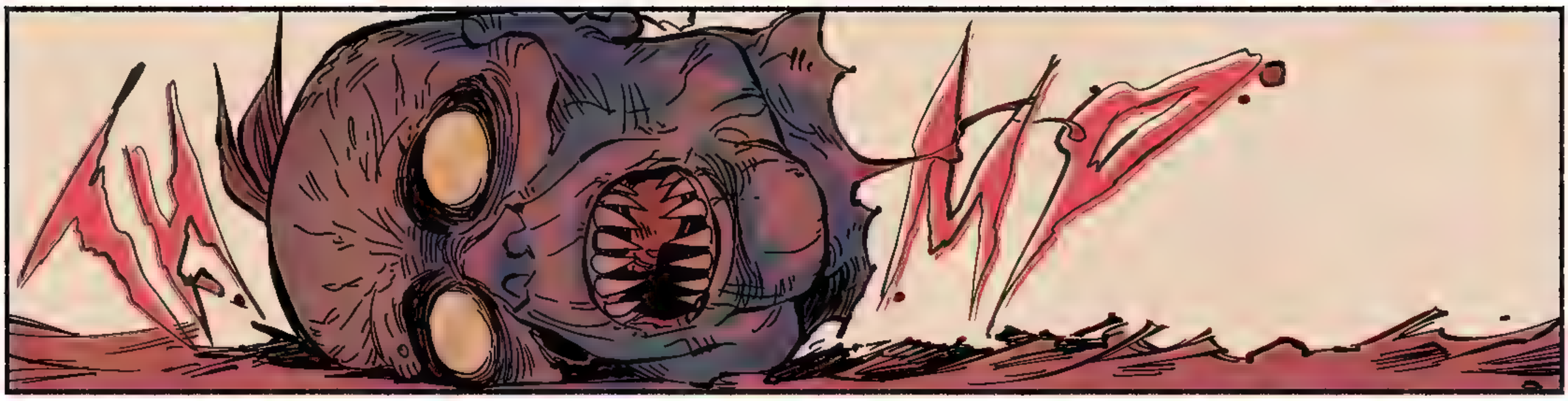

"DO IT! YE MUST...

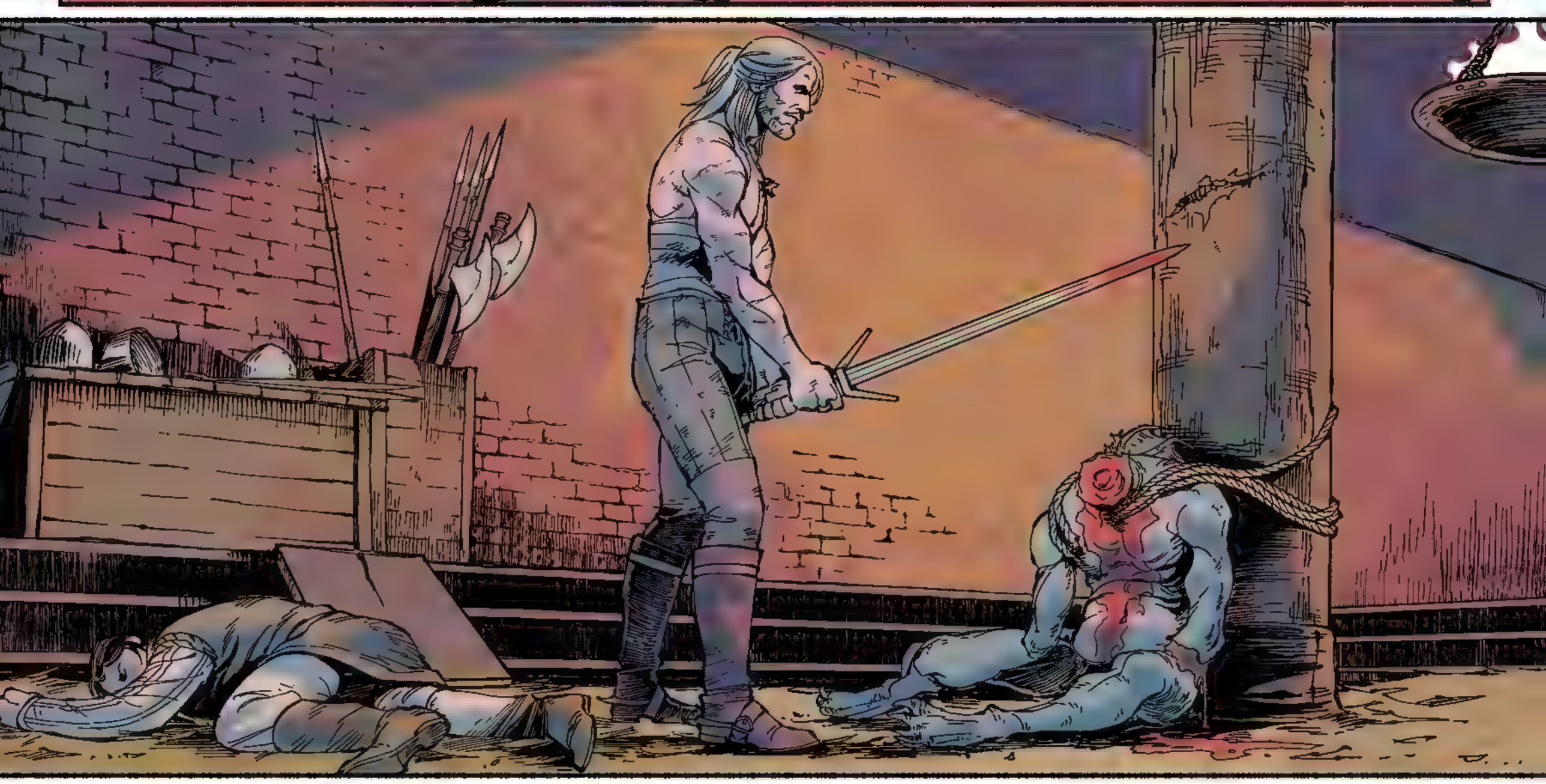

"...THE BOY'S A BEAST.

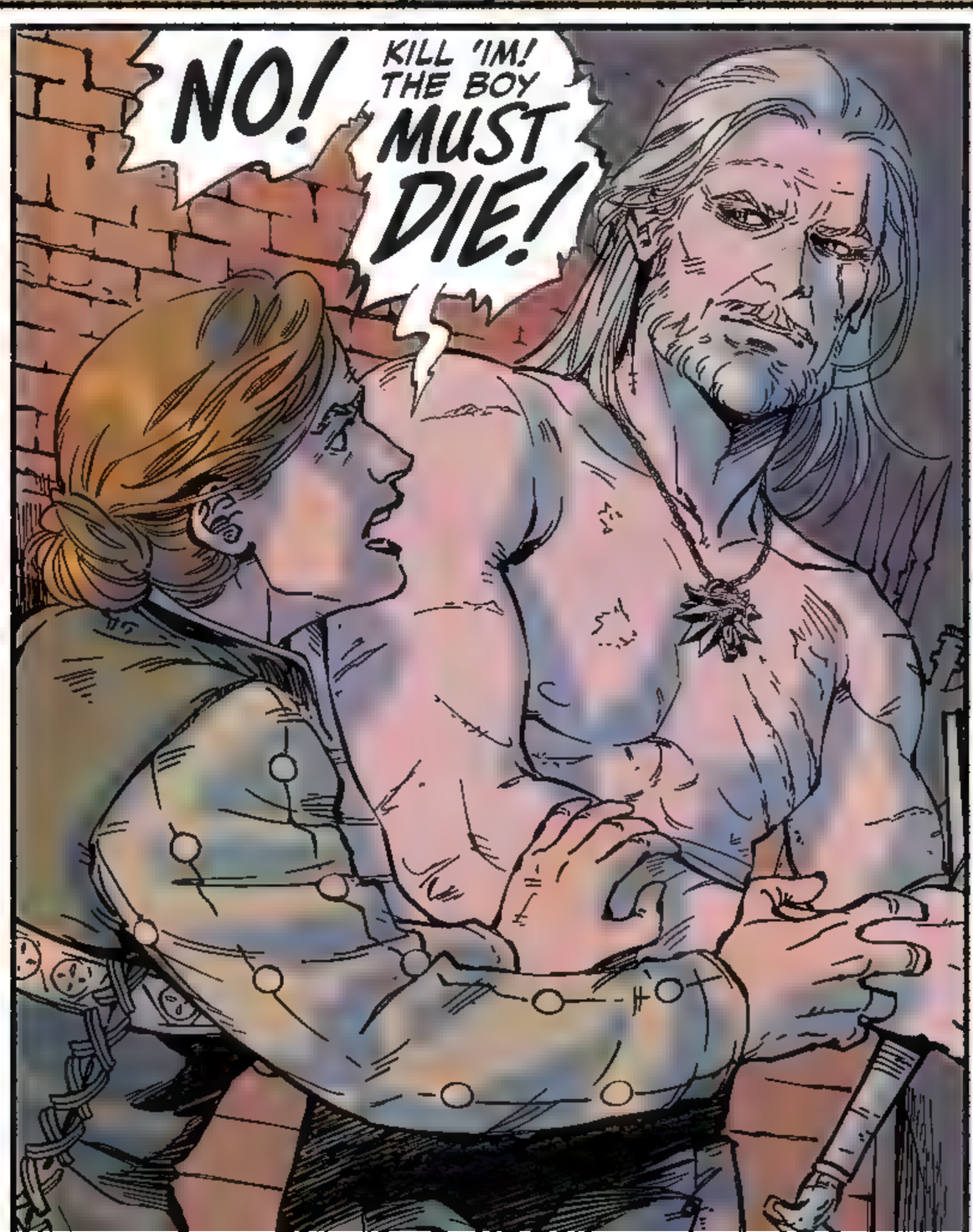
"YE KILL MONSTERS, DO YE NOT?"


ARGH!!!





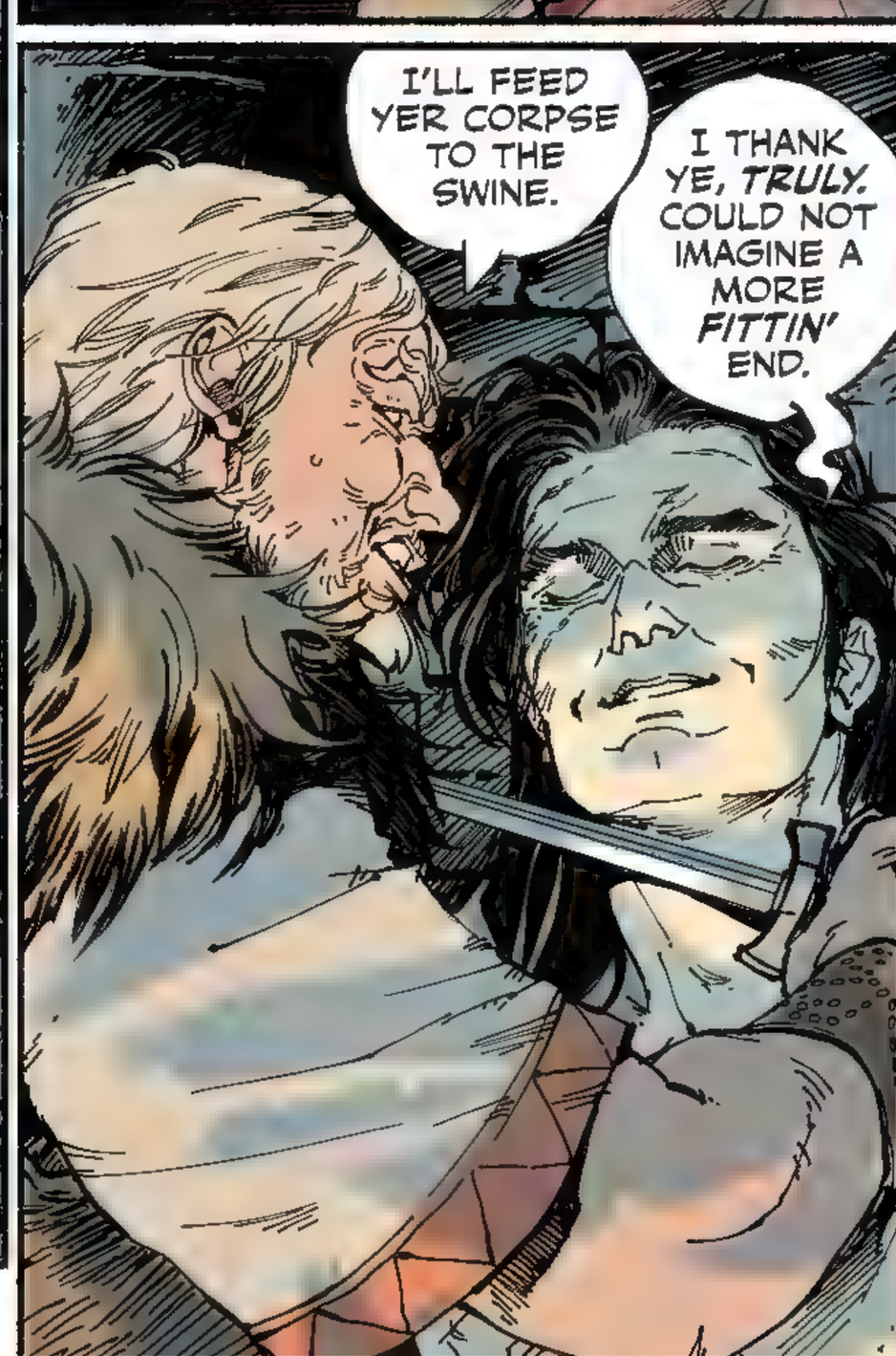



NO!
KILL 'IM! THE BOY MUST DIE!

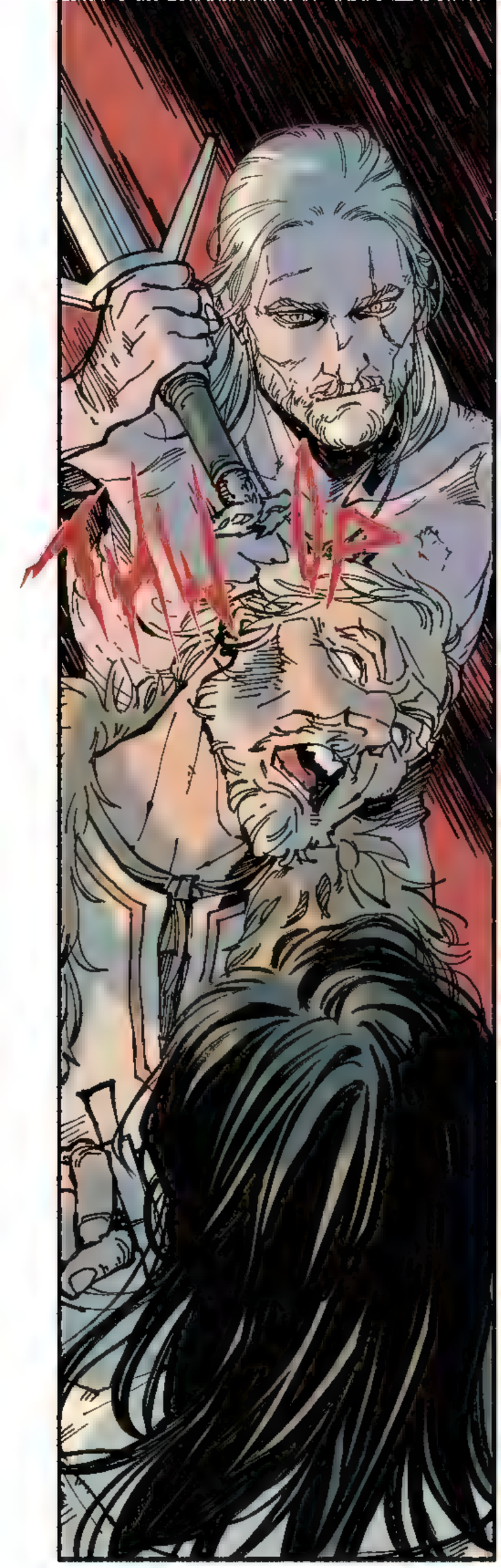
HIMSELF AN' LIFE-- THEY'S POXES ON EACH OTHER!

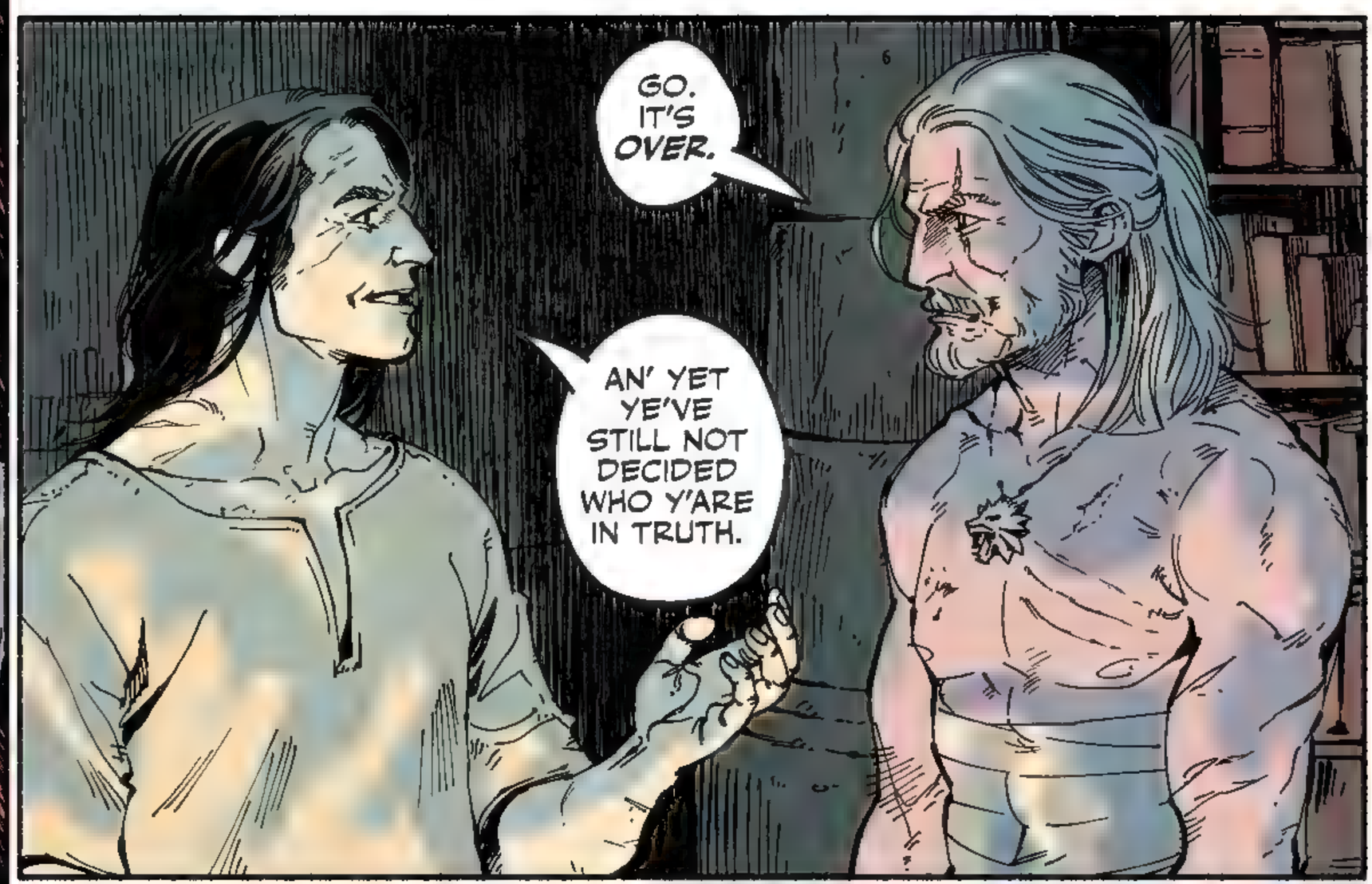
WELL, WELL, YE BLEED *RED*, I SEE...
...SO, ALIKE WE TWO *ARE*, AN' YET SO DIFFERENT...

GRAAAR!!!


I'LL FEED YER CORPSE TO THE SWINE.
I THANK YE, *TRULY*. COULD NOT IMAGINE A MORE *FITTIN'* END.

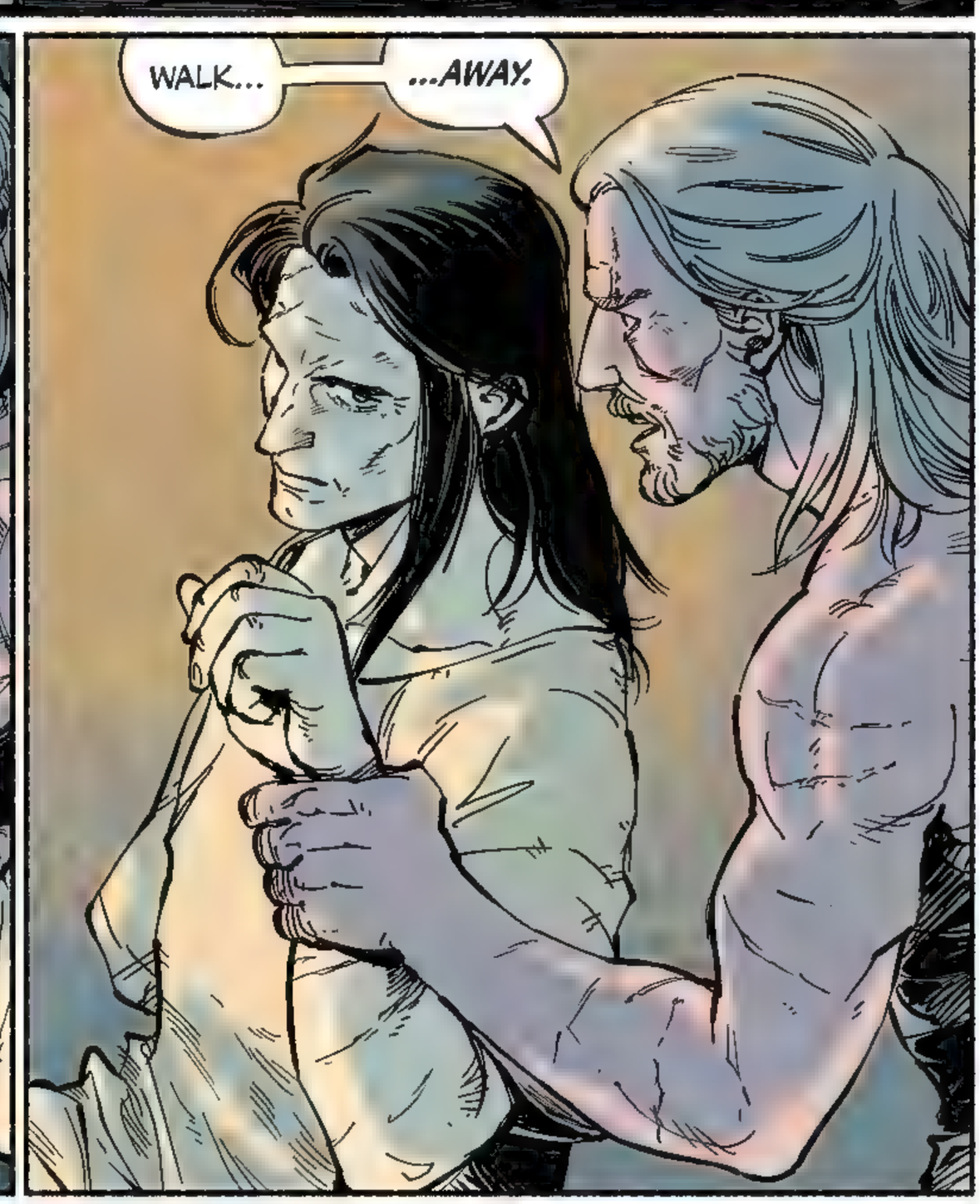
YE BLOODY, ROTTEN--


KILL IT

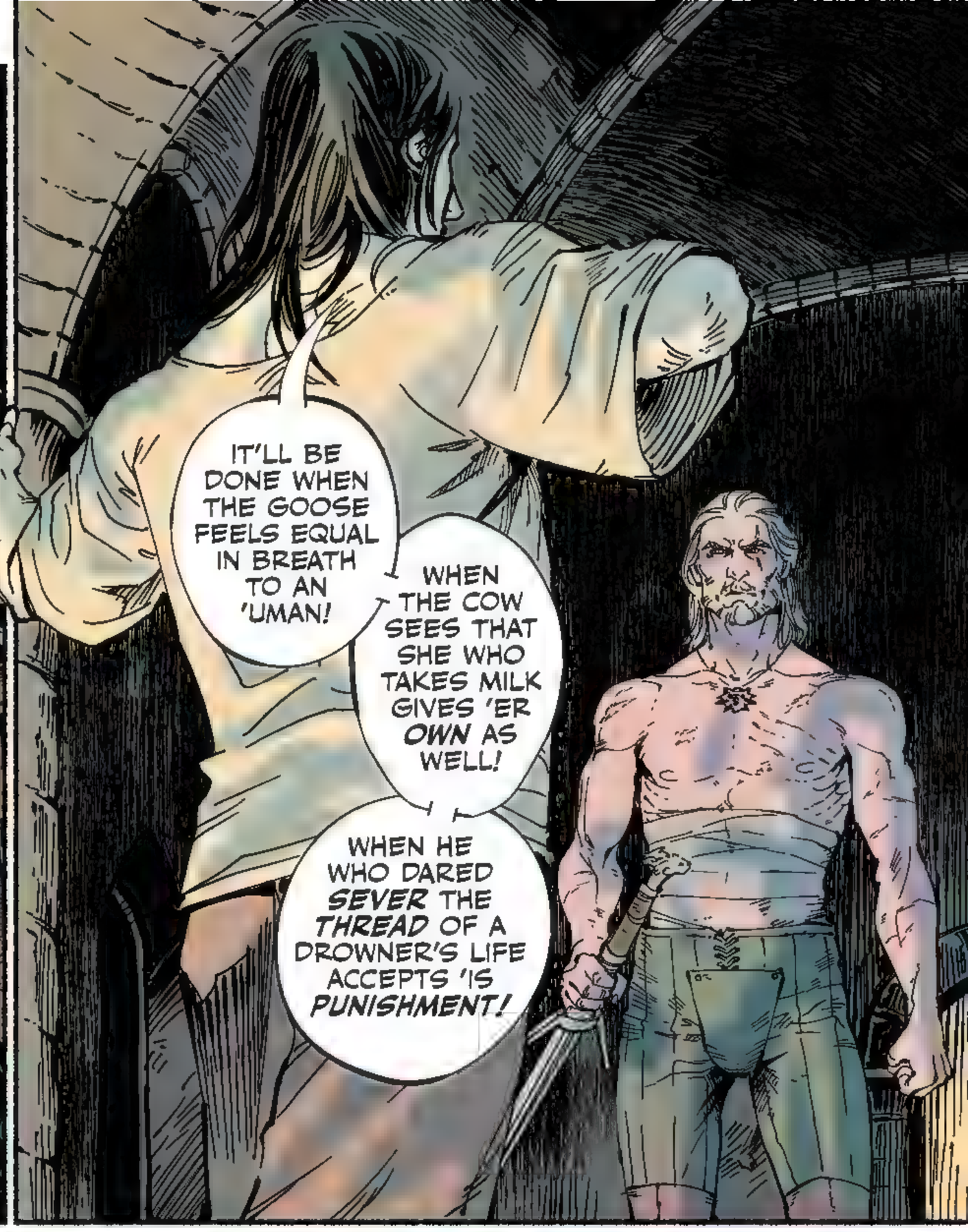

GO. IT'S *OVER.*
AN' YET YE'VE STILL NOT DECIDED WHO Y'ARE IN TRUTH.

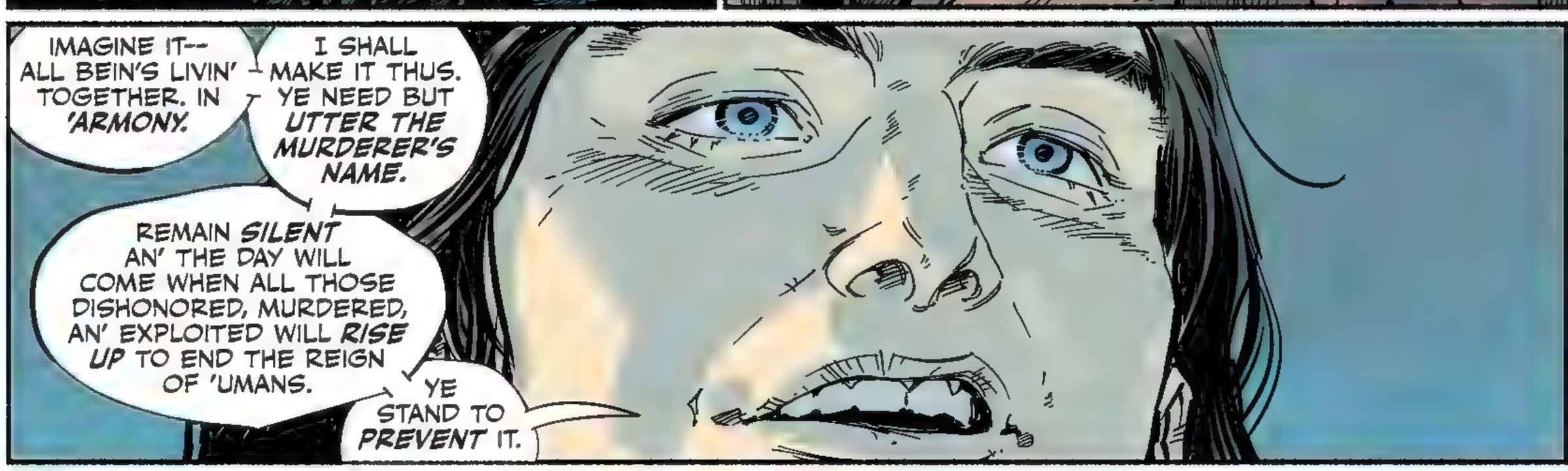
BUT DECIDE YE *WILL,* FOR I SHAN'T GO TILL THE MURDERER'S GOT 'IS DUE.

EKEROT'S *NOT* THE KILLER YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR. NOW *LEAVE.*
WHO, THEN, *IS* IT?

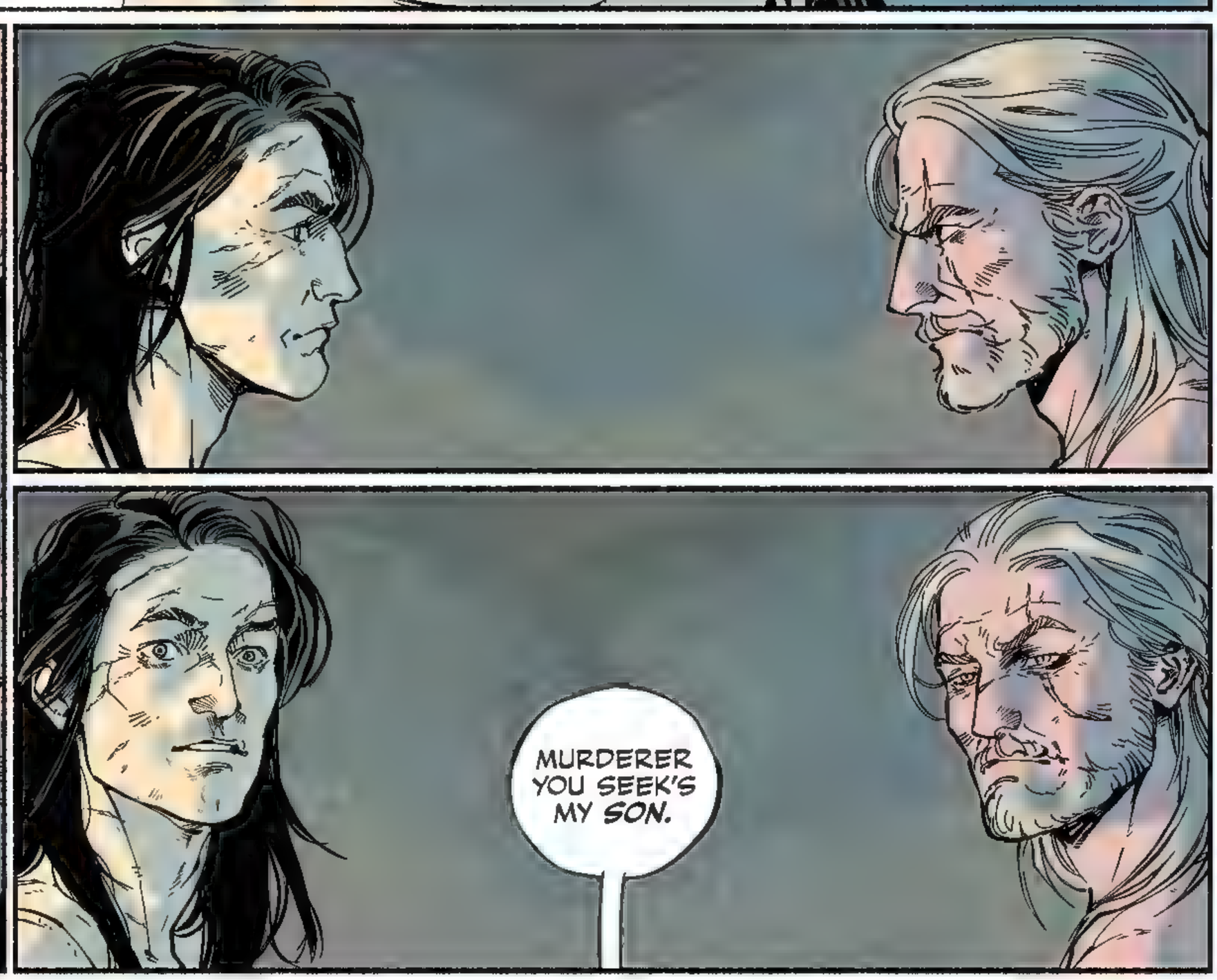

WALK...
...*AWAY.*

GO. ALL'S DONE HERE, YOU'RE DONE HERE.
NO. FAR FROM IT!


IT'LL BE DONE WHEN THE GOOSE FEELS EQUAL IN BREATH TO AN 'UMAN!
WHEN THE COW SEES THAT SHE WHO TAKES MILK GIVES 'ER OWN AS WELL!
WHEN HE WHO DARED SEVER THE THREAD OF A DROWNER'S LIFE ACCEPTS 'IS PUNISHMENT!


IMAGINE IT-- ALL BEIN'S LIVIN' TOGETHER. IN 'ARMONY.
I SHALL MAKE IT THUS. YE NEED BUT UTTER THE MURDERER'S NAME.
REMAIN SILENT AN' THE DAY WILL COME WHEN ALL THOSE DISHONORED, MURDERED, AN' EXPLOITED WILL RISE UP TO END THE REIGN OF 'UMANS.
YE STAND TO PREVENT IT.

GOT TWO SWORDS, USUALLY. STEEL FOR HUMANS, SILVER FOR MONSTERS. FIRST'S GONE MISSIN'.
WANT FOLK TO SEE YOU AS A MONSTER? I REFUSE TO. GOT NO WISH TO DRAW MY SILVER. SO I'LL LEAVE IT WHERE IT IS, LONG AS YOU LEAVE.

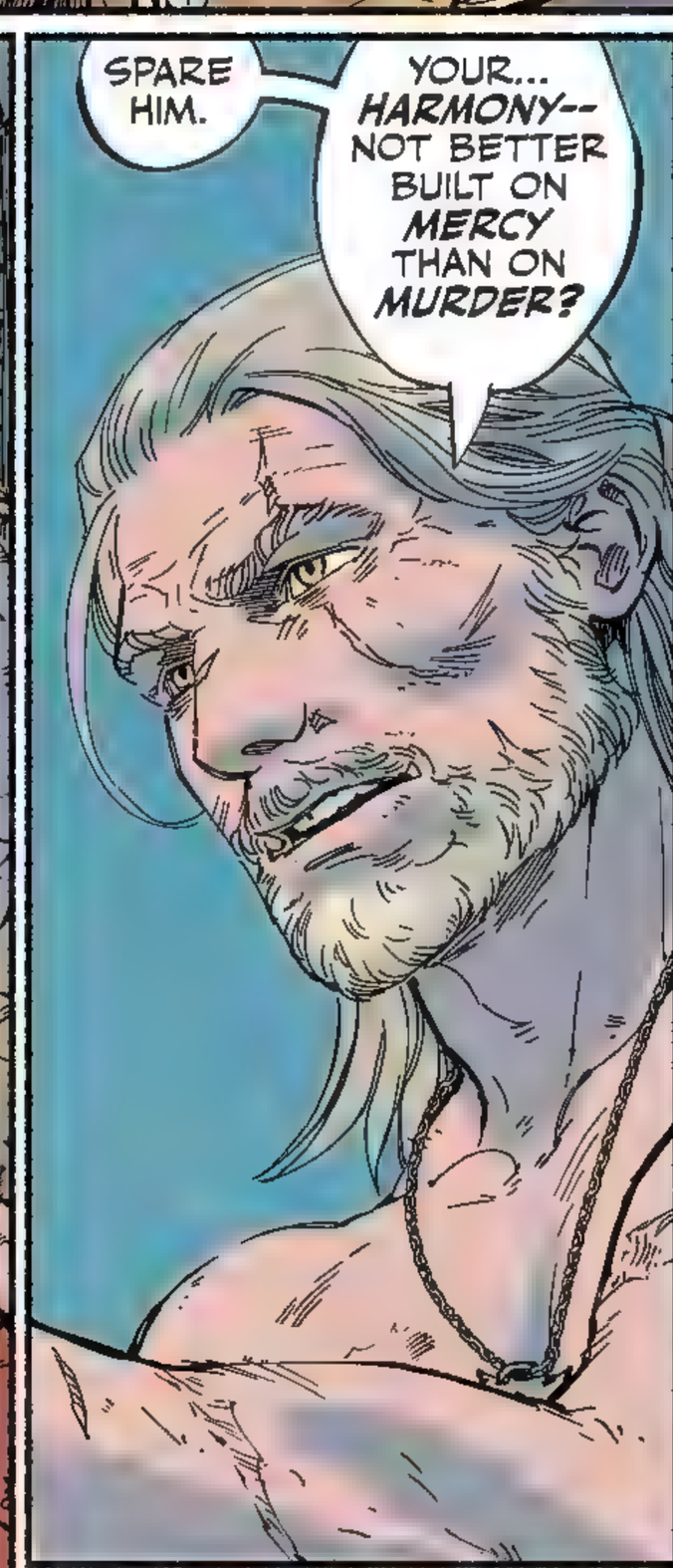

MURDERER YOU SEEK'S MY SON.

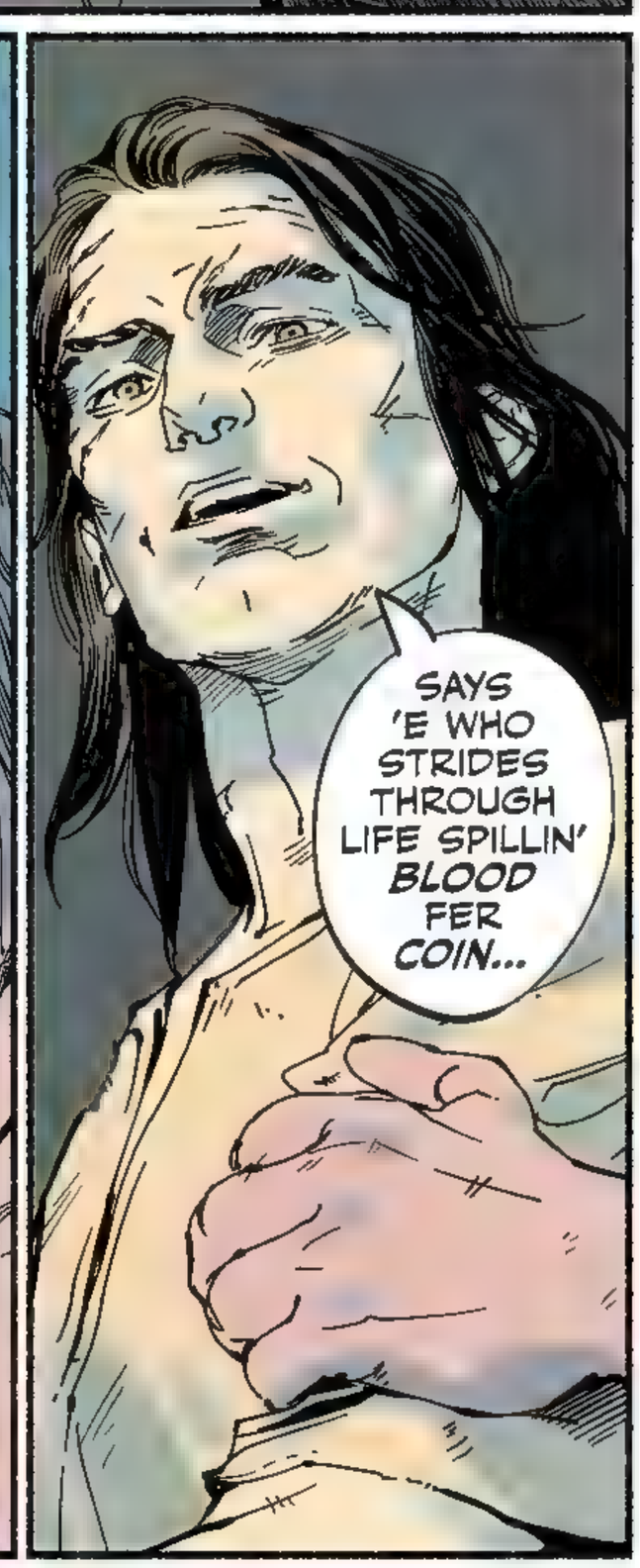
I'LL LEAD YE TO 'IM...
LONG AS YE PROMISE TO KILL 'IM...

THIS I PLEDGE, GOOD WOMAN.
STOP!

END THE MADNESS! I BEG YE-- KILL 'IM!

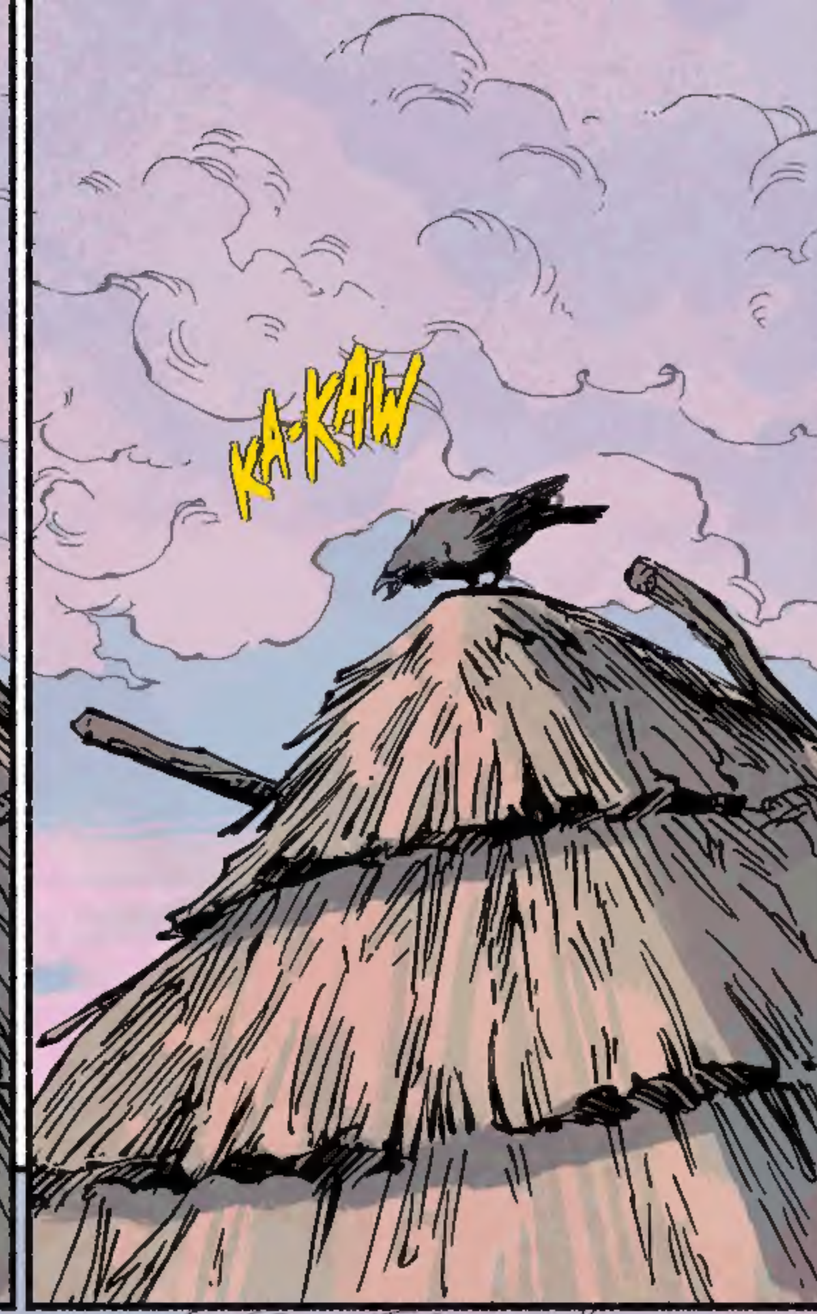
HE'S A KID. TERRIBLY TROUBLED ONE.
IMAGINE IT, WITCHER. ALL BEIN'S LIVIN' IN 'ARMONY.


SPARE HIM.
YOUR... HARMONY-- NOT BETTER BUILT ON MERCY THAN ON MURDER?


SAYS 'E WHO STRIDES THROUGH LIFE SPILLIN' BLOOD FER COIN...

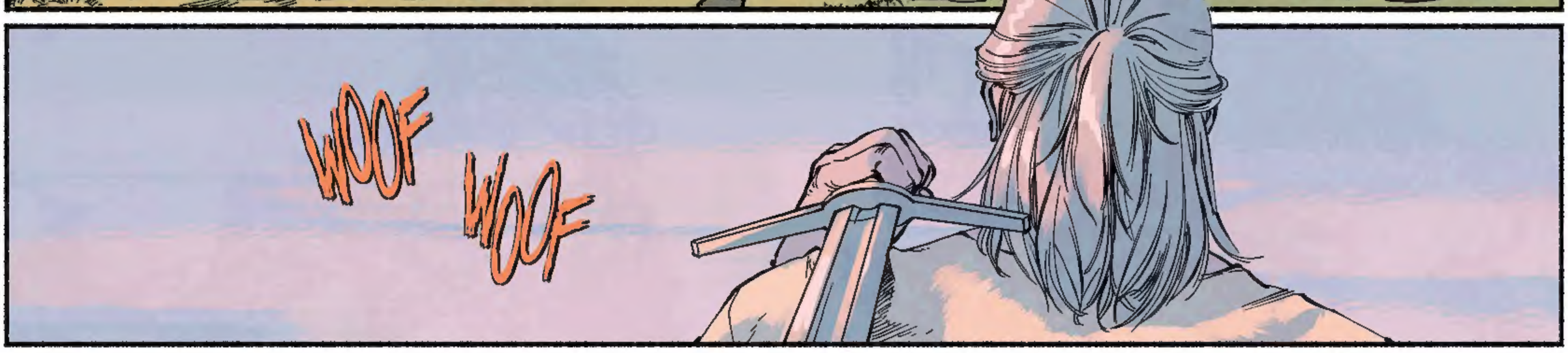
HRRRRRRRK!
FMMP
UUUF!
ARGH!
STAND UP AND LEAVE. *PLEASE.*
FORGIVE ME, GERALT. I *CANNOT.*
UNLIKE YE, *I KNOW* WHO I AM. I *KNOW* WHAT I MUST *DO.*
DRAW YER BLADE OF SILVER. I SHALL ACCEPT IT WITH PRIDE.

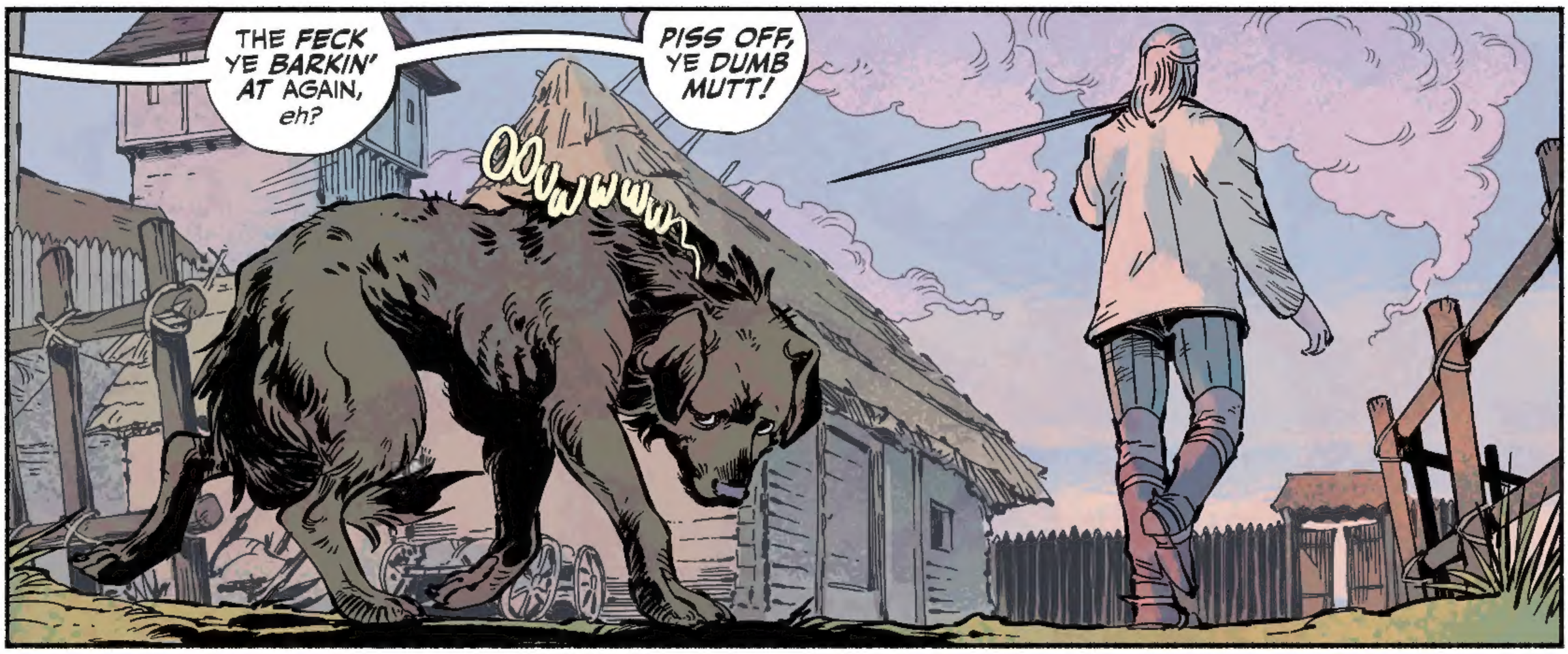
W-what's 'appened, what's this...?
SCHUK
NO.
NOooooo...


KA-KAW

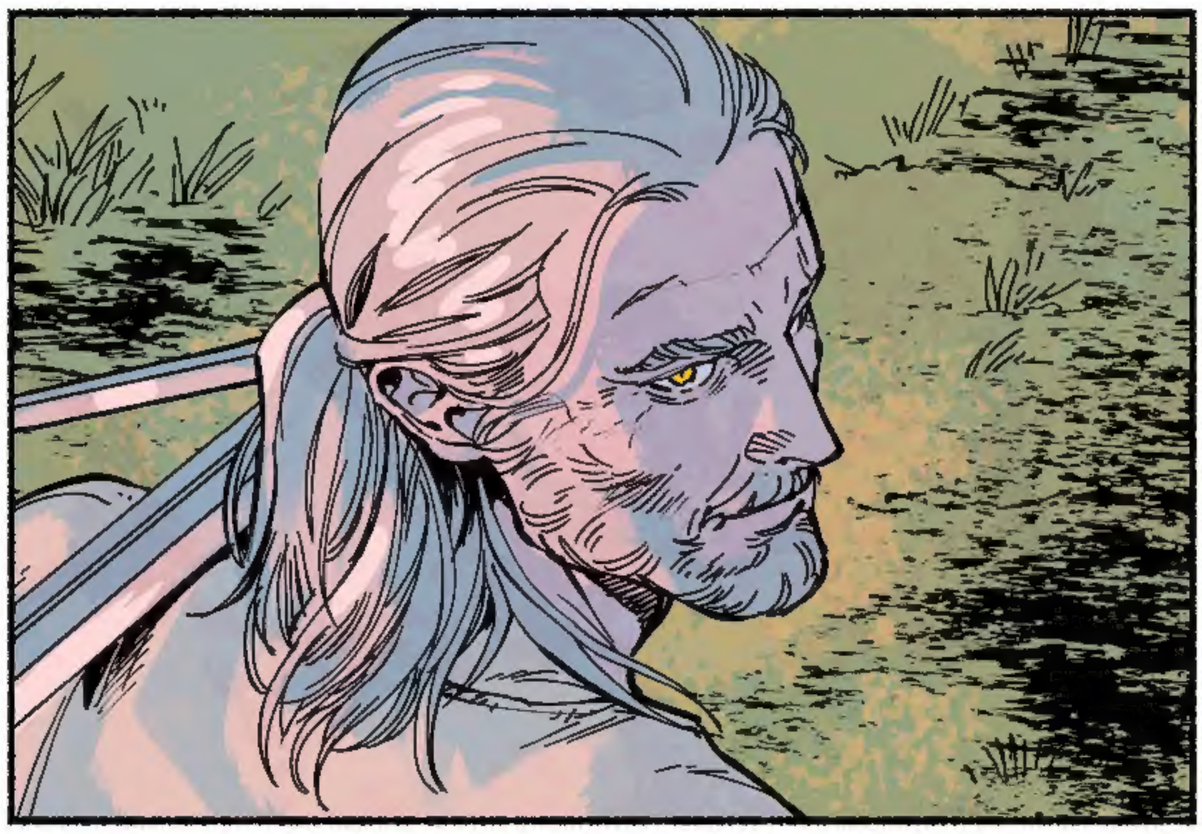
KAW
KAW

NEEEIIIGHH
COME ON, MOVE YER FAT ARSE!

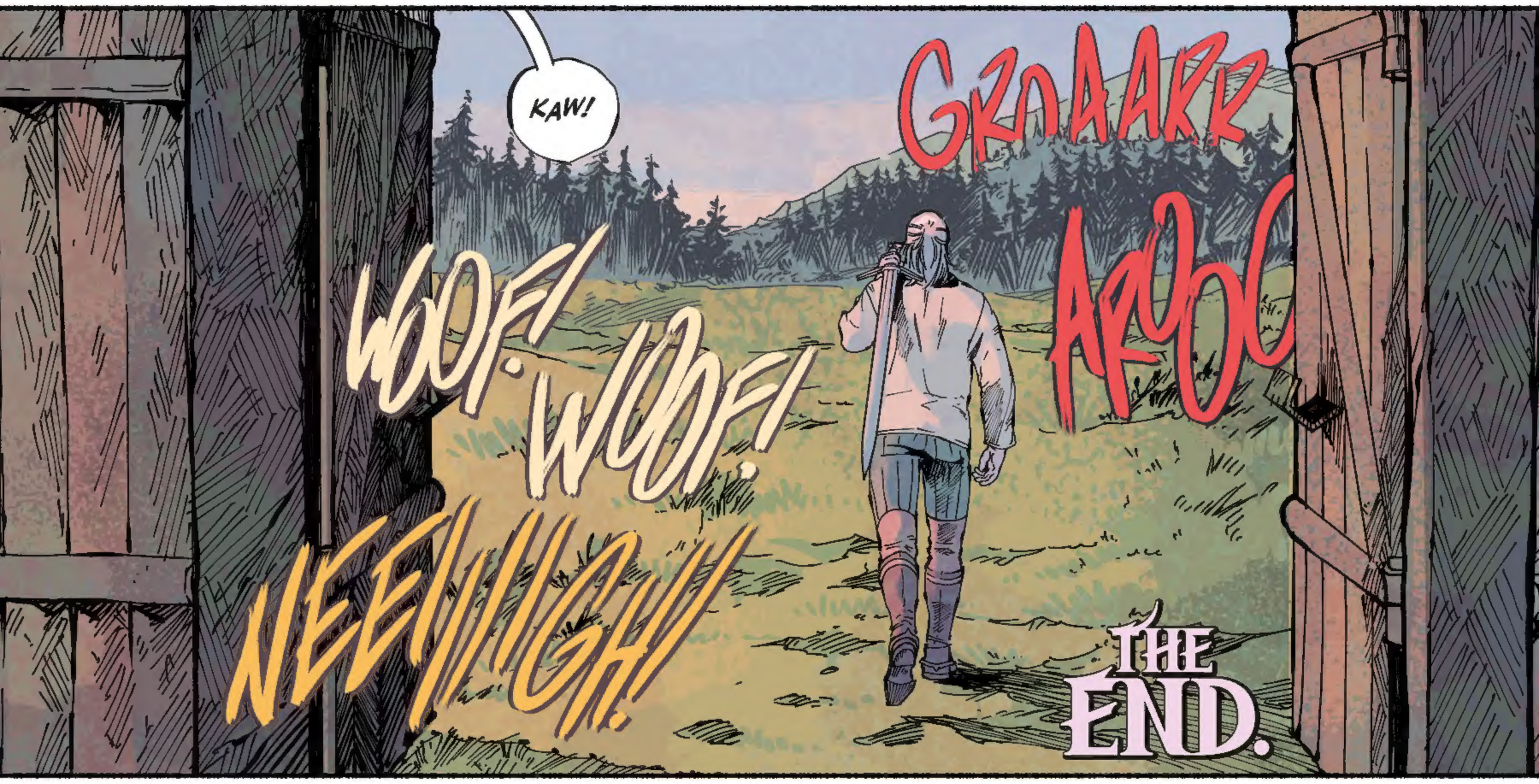

WOOF
WOOF


THE FECK YE BARKIN' AT AGAIN, eh?
PISS OFF, YE DUMB MUTT!
OOuwwwwm

KAW
KAW!



KAW!
KAW!
KAW!


KAW!
GRRAARR
ARRG
WOOF! WOOF!
NEEIIIGH!
THE END.

SON OF ULTRON